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ON HAPPINESS.

FROM the young lady whose dream of bliss was comprehended in the desire 'to eat fat bacon and swing on the gate all day,' to the philanthropist evolving a scheme for mankind's regeneration; from the sweep's notion of happiness, consisting 'in plenty of chimneys to sweep all day,' to the discoverer feasting his eyes on a new and unexplored region of lake and mountain; from the classic aspiration of the typical Englishman, who says, 'Here's a fine day! let us go out and kill something,' to the patient philosopher who sees a new planet 'swim into his ken'—what a mighty space! filled by all manner of high and low desires, in all sorts and conditions of men.

It is not more true that one man's meat is poison to his neighbour, than that what constitutes this one's happiness would or does make that one's misery. Given a man whose meat and drink it is to collect, to accumulate, to be careful of—be it a museum or a money-bag, and ten to one his heir will find his pleasure, or his pleasures, necessitate the dispersion of the same, piecemeal or wholesale. This one finds the drama of life insupportably dull unless he is tearing through the scenes at a hand-gallop; while that one shrinks from the slightest exertion, as if a shake would shiver the tender fabric of his existence. Here is a man rising early, and so late taking rest, eating the bread of carefulness in order to have the satisfaction of providing a shelter for his old age; and there a man, too resolutely bent on indulging his own delight in idleness to exert himself even to provide to-morrow's meal for his little children.

At one period, a man of genius tells us that happiness is our being's end and aim, and men believe him; at another period, a new prophet arises who tells us that men are not—because they are not meant to be—happy; that the fulfilment of duty is their only legitimate aim; and

he in his turn is believed. In effect, there is but little fundamental difference in the philosopher's recommendation of duty in order that peace may ensue, and the poet's commendation of virtue as the only sure path to happiness. It is a singular but unquestionable fact that happiness is so difficult of recognition while present; we feel that it has been, most acutely when, like health, we have to support the want of it. 'Ah happy, if your happiness ye know,' is as true on the one hand, as on the other is the unconsciousness which too often accompanies a brief season of happiness. And yet nothing can be more destructive of happiness, as a thoughtful writer assures us, than the self-seeking of a conscious search after happiness. Watch a little child at play, and you see an unconsciously happy human being. But not all childhood is happy. Every mother, or nursery governess to a large family, knows the sulky, sullen member of the nursery, who has already discovered that life is not worth living, and who does his utmost to compel his otherwise happy little brothers and sisters to be one with him on this point. But even this misanthrope, if he come to old age—though he may resent the idea of being willing to live his life over again—will probably be ready to live, say, six months longer; and this at a time of life when he can scarcely anticipate, reasonably, more ease of body, less inertia of mind. A very triumph, this, of hope over experience.

One great cause of happiness to the young is, doubtless, their delightful anticipations of a future which is to be bright with untried bliss. Mystics and poets share this forecasting of future happiness with children, and with a like result. As children unconsciously and by intuition, so they, by meditation, 'calm the mind, and make the happiness they do not find.' A great moralist supports by his deliberate judgment this foundation whereon to build: 'there is,' he says, 'but one solid basis of happiness, and that is the

reasonable hope of a happy futurity.' How solid it is, each must judge for himself. It cannot be denied that if we could, each of us, see spread out at our feet a splendid future, constantly unrolling and expanding before us, we might catch a spark of the radiant happiness of childhood; but it may be doubted whether this prospect might not somewhat distract us from the dull routine, from the degrading duties, as we might perhaps fancy them, of everyday life. Hope, the poor man's friend, as Fear is the rich man's torment—hope is left; but we all know that hope deferred is but lenten entertainment.

'To one who knows what conduct is,' writes Matthew Arnold in what is surely a very noble passage—'to one who knows what conduct is, it is a joy to be alive; the Lord makes happiness by revealing to us righteousness, and adds to the boon this glorious world to be righteous in.' Undeniably, conduct yields us that sustained satisfaction which nothing else earthly can either afford or destroy.

To be able to look back on a well-spent day cheers and calms us for our approaching rest; while to be able to look back on a well-spent life is to possess in the evening of our days a source of content which Fate itself cannot snatch from our grasp. Bacon places the purest of human pleasures in a garden; but beyond this pleasure, pure and lasting as we acknowledge it to be, we must reckon the soul's calm sunshine felt in one approving hour, when by our conduct we have been enabled to conduce to the comfort of a single human being.

Wealth, honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, all these, and a thousand other good gifts that help to make a man happy, he rejoices over, but with trembling, knowing full well how fragile is his tenure of them: when our soul's content is most absolute, then follows most surely a haunting fear of what shall succeed in unknown fate. But let us take courage; 'to bear is to conquer our fate;' and after all, men can live on a very small modicum of happiness, for they can survive and smile after 'consummate shame, in the profoundest desolation of mind and soul, in abject poverty, in noisome dungeons; by nobly persevering, they live on, and live through it all.'

Moreover, it is the body that warms the clothes, not the clothes the body; and, in the words of one of our great teachers, 'the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune wrapt about a sickly and uneasy soul.' As Burns tells us, if happiness have not her seat and centre in the breast, we never can be blessed.

It behoves us to lay hold of every offered chance of happiness, whether it be in watching and tending the growth of a rose, a lily, a tree, or better still, a human soul; counting ourselves happy if we can help forward any of the beauty and goodness in this world; happy while we

possess the present moment's actual power to perceive an outward universe of consummate beauty, if of inscrutable design; and to apprehend an inward world of love and reverence.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XXI.—STILL SEARCHING.

I QUITTED the deck-house to take another look round. Just then rain began to fall, and the sea became shrouded with the discharge. So oil-smooth now was the swell, that each drop as it fell pitted the lead-coloured rounds with a black point, and the water alongside looked to be spotted with ink. As I had met with no fresh water in the little room that I call the pantry, and as there might be none in the hold, or none that with my single pair of hands I should be able to come at, I resolved to take advantage of the wet that was pouring down, and dived into the cabin to search for any vessel that would catch and hold it. The flour and sugar casks in the pantry would not do. I peered into the other berths, but could see nothing to answer the purpose. It was of the first consequence, however, to us that we should possess a store of drinking water to mix with our wine, for we were in the tropics: the atmosphere was heavy with heat even under a shrouded heaven; it was easy to figure what the temperature would rise to when the sun should shine forth; and the mere fancy of days of stagnation and of vertical suns, of this hull roasting under the central broiling eye, of the breathless sea stretching in feverish breathings into the dim blue distance unbroken by any tip of sail, and no fresh water to drink, was horribly oppressive, and rendered me half crazy to find some contrivance to catch the rain, which might at any moment cease.

The thought of the lockers in the deck-house occurred to me. I mounted the ladder and searched them, and, to my unspeakable joy, found in the locker upon which Miss Temple had been seated during the night, four canvas buckets, apparently brand-new, as I might judge, from the cloth and from the rope-handles. The rain fell heavily, and the water gushed in streams from the roof of the deck-house at many points of it. In a very short time the buckets were filled, but they were of a permeable substance, and it was necessary to decant them as soon as possible. There was no difficulty in doing this, for there were several empty bottles in the shelves below, along with a couple of large jars, some tin pannikins, and so forth. These I brought up, washed them in the rain, and then filled them, and in this manner contrived to store away a good number of gallons, not to mention the contents of the buckets, which I left hanging outside, to fill up afresh, meaning to use them first, and taking my chance of loss through the water soaking through them.

All this, that is to be described in a few lines of writing, signified a lengthy occupation, that broke well into the day. Miss Temple watched my labours with interest, and begged to be of

service; but she could be of little use to me, nor would I suffer her to expose herself to the wet.

'Will not this rain fill the hull,' she exclaimed, 'and sink her?'

'It would need to keep on raining for a long while to do that,' said I, laughing. 'I am going below to inspect the forepart of her, and to ascertain if possible what her hold contains. Will you accompany me?—The hull rolls steadily; you will not find walking inconvenient, and it is very necessary that you should occupy your mind.'

'I should like to do so,' she answered; 'but should not one of us stay here, in case the sea should clear and show us the ships?'

'Alas!' said I, 'there is no wind, and the ships probably lie as motionless as we. This weather will not speedily clear, I believe. We shall not be long below, and any sort of exertion is better than sitting here in loneliness and musing upon the inevitable, and adding the misery of thought to the distress of our situation.'

'Yes, you are right,' she exclaimed, rising; 'you give me some heart, Mr Dugdale, yet I do not know why. There is nothing that you can say to encourage me to hope.'

To this I made no reply, but took her hand, and assisted her to descend the ladder. She came to a stand at the foot of it, as though terrified by the gloom.

'It is dreadful,' she exclaimed in a low voice, 'to think that only a few short hours ago the poor lieutenant, whose heart was beating high with thoughts of returning home, should have been laughing and joking—here! I can hear his voice still; I can hear Mr Colledge's laughter.—Hark! What noises are those?'

'Rats!' I exclaimed.

The squeaking was shrill and fierce and near. I lighted a candle, she meanwhile coming to my side, her elbow rubbing mine, as though she would have my hand within an instant's reach of her own. The squeaking continued. It sounded as though there were some score of rats worrying something, or fighting among themselves.

'Hold this candle for a moment,' said I; and I advanced to the bulkhead and took down a cutlass, and then peeped into the little passage that divided the after cabins. The rats were somewhere along it, but it was too dark to see; so, laying the cutlass aside, I took down a musket and sent the heavy weapon javelin-fashion sheer into the thick of the hideous noise. A huge rat as big as a kitten rushed over my feet; Miss Temple uttered a shriek, and let fall the candle.

'Do not be alarmed!' I shouted; 'the beasts know their way below;' and seeing the pallid outline of the candle upon the deck, I picked it up and relighted it.

'Oh, Mr Dugdale,' she cried in a voice that trembled with disgust and fear, 'what am I to do? I dare not be here, and I dare not be above, alone. What is more shocking and terrifying than a rat?'

I told her that rats were much more afraid of us than we could possibly be of them; but commiserating her alarm, I offered to escort her to the deck-house.

'But you will not leave me there?' she exclaimed.

'It is very necessary,' said I, 'that I should examine the state of the hull.'

'Then I will stay with you,' said she; 'I cannot endure to be alone.'

She gathered up her dress, holding the folds of it with one hand, whilst she passed the other through my arm. I could feel her shuddering as she clung to me. Her eyes were large with fright and aversion, and they sparkled to the candle-flame as she rolled them over the deck. At the extremity of the passage that separated the foremost berths where the pantry was, stood what I believed a bulkhead; but on bringing the candle to it I discovered that it was a door of very heavy scantling, that slid in grooves, with a stout iron handle for pulling it by. It travelled very easily, as something that had been repeatedly used. The moment it was open, there was plenty of daylight; for the open square of the main hatch yawned close by overhead, of dimensions considerable enough to illuminate every part of this interior.

I stood viewing with wonder a scene of extraordinary confusion. There were no hammocks, but all about the decks, in higgledy-piggledy heaps and clusters, were mats of some sort of West Indian reeds, rugs and blankets, bolster-shaped bags, a few sea-chests, most of them capsized, with their lids open, with a surprising intermixture of hook-pots, tin dishes, sea-boots, oilskins, empty broken cases, staves of casks, tackles, and a raffle of gear and other things of which my mind does not preserve the recollection. Several large rats, on my swinging the door along its grooves, darted from out of the various heaps, and shot with incredible velocity down through the large hatch that conducted into the hold, and that lay on a line with the hatch above.

'By all that's— Well, well! here's been excitement surely,' said I; 'was ever panical terror more incomparably suggested? But this brig was full of men, and there was manifestly a tremendous scramble at the last. Would not any one think that there had been a fierce fight down here?'

'Do you think there are any dead bodies under those things?' exclaimed Miss Temple in a hollow whisper.

'See!' cried I; 'lest there should be more rats about, suppose I contrive some advantage for you over the beasts;' and so saying, I dragged one of the largest of the sea-chests to the bulkhead, and helped her to get upon it.

This seemed to make her easier. Filled as my mind was with conflicting emotions, excited by the extraordinary scene of hurry and disorder which I surveyed, I could yet find leisure to glance at and deeply admire her fine commanding figure, as she stood, with inimitable unconscious grace, swaying upon the chest to the regular rolling of the hull. It was a picture of a sort to live as long as the memory lasted. There she stood draped in the elegancies of her white apparel, her full, dark eyes large and vital again in the shadow of her rich hat, under which her face showed colourless and faultless in lineament as some incomparable achievement of the sculptor's art: her beauty and dignity heightened

in a manner not to be expressed or explained by the character of the scene round about the uncovered square of hatch through which the rain was falling—the wild disorder of the deck, the rude beams and coarse sides of the interior.

I approached the edge of the hatchway and looked down. Little more was to be seen than ballast, on the top of which lay a couple of dismounted guns, apparently twelve-pounders. A short distance forward in the gloom were the outlines of some casks and cases. The hull was dry, as the lieutenant had said. Water there undoubtedly must have been, washing to and fro under the ballast and down in the run, but too inconsiderable in quantity to give me the least uneasiness. One glance below sufficed to assure me that the fabric of the wreck was tight.

I considered a little whether it might not be possible to so protect the yawning hatches as to provide against any violent inroads of water, should this dirty shadow of weather that overhung the wreck in wet end in wind; but there were no tarpaulins to be seen, no spare planks or anything of a like kind which could be converted into a cover, nothing but mats and rugs, which were not to be put to any sort of use in the direction I had in my mind.

I left Miss Temple standing on the chest, darting alarmed glances at the huddled heaps which littered the decks, and walked forward to a doorway in a stout partition that bulkheaded off a short space of fore-castle from these 'tween-decks. There was an open fore-cuttle here that made plenty of light. This was the interior that had been burnt out, as the lieutenant had told me, to the condition of a charred shell. The deck and sides were as black as a hat, and the place showed as if it had been constructed of charcoal. A strong smell as of fire still lingered. Whatever had been here in the shape of sea-furniture was burnt, or removed by the people. I picked up a small handspike, and entering the cindery apartment, beat here and there against the semi-calced planks, almost expecting to find the handspike shoot through; but black as the timber looked, it yielded a hearty return of echo to my thumps; and I returned to Miss Temple, satisfied that the hull was still very staunch, and, but for her uncovered hatches, as seaworthy as ever she had been at any time since her launch.

Whilst turning over some of the mats and wearing apparel on the deck with my foot, I spied a large cube of something yellow, and on picking it up and examining it, I was very happy to discover that it was tobacco. I made more of this than had I found a purse of a hundred guineas, for, though I had my pipe in my pocket, I was without anything to smoke; and I cannot express how hungrily during the night I had yearned for the exceeding solace of a few whiffs, and with what melancholy I had viewed the prospect of having to wait until we were rescued before I should obtain a cigar or a pipe of tobacco.

'What have you there, Mr Dugdale?' cried Miss Temple.

'A little matter that, coming on top of the discovery that this hull is as good as a cork under our feet, helps very greatly towards re-establishing my peace of mind—a lump of very beautiful tobacco;' and I smelt it fondly again.

'Oh, Mr Dugdale, I thought it was a dead rat, she exclaimed.—'What are all those mats?'

'The privatesmen used them to sleep on, I expect. The quantity of them tells us how heavily manned this old wagon went.'

'There is no wind, Mr Dugdale. The rain falls in perfectly straight lines. Let us return to the deck-house.'

I took her hand and helped her to dismount. She gathered her dress about her as before, and passed with trepidation through the darksome cabin, holding tightly by my arm, and then, with a wearied despairful air, seated herself upon a locker and leaned her chin in her hand, biting her under-lip whilst she gazed vacantly through the little window at the sullen raining gloom of the sky.

I should but tease you by attempting to narrate the passage of the hours from this point. All day long it rained, no air stirred, and the leaden sea flattened into silky heavings wide apart, on which the hull rolled quietly. Possessing but the clothes in which I stood, I fetched an oilskin from the 'tween-decks to save me from a wet skin; and thus attired, made several journeys into the foretop, where I lingered, straining my gaze all around into the shrouded horizon till my eyeballs seemed to crack to the stretching of my vision. Sometimes when in the deck-house I would start to my feet on fancying I heard a sound of oars; but it was never more than some sobbing wash of swell, or some stir of the rudder swayed on its pintles by the movement of the fabric. There was plenty of stuff below with which to make a smoke, but no preparation for such a signal could be made whilst it rained, nor could any purpose be served by having the materials ready until the weather cleared and wind blew and something hove into sight.

Miss Temple's miserable dejection grieved me bitterly. The horror of our situation seemed to increase upon her, and say what I might, I never succeeded in coaxing the least air of spirit into her face. It was distressing beyond language to see this haughty, beautiful, high-born woman, accustomed to every refinement and elegance that was to be purchased or contrived, reduced to such a pass as this: languidly putting her lips to the rough pannikin in which I would hand her a draught of wine and water, scarcely able to bite the flinty biscuit which, with marmalade and cheese, formed our repasts, sitting for weary long spells at a time motionless in a corner of the rough structure, her eyelids heavy, her gaze fixed and listless, her lips parted, with all their old haughty expression of imperious resolution gone from them, her fingers locked upon her lap, her breast now and again rising and falling with hysteric swiftness to some wrenching emotion, which yet found her face marble-like, and her eyes without their familiar impassioned glow.

I recollect wondering once, whilst watching her silently, whether there would prove anything in this experience to change her character. Should the Indianan recover us, there might be a full fourteen or even sixteen weeks of association before us yet. Once safely aboard the *Countess Ida*, would she let this experience slip out of her mind as an influence, and repeat in her manner towards myself the cold indifference, the haughty

neglect, the distant supercilious usage, which I had found so insolent, that I was coming very near to as cordially hating her character as I deeply admired the beauties and perfections of her face and person? Was she not a sort of woman to accept an obligation, and to look, if it suited her to do so, very coldly afterwards upon the person who had obliged her? Ridiculous as the emotion was at such a time, when, for all I knew, in a few hours the pair of us might be floating, a brace of corpses, fathoms deep in that leaden ocean over the side, yet I must confess to a small stir of exultation at the thought that supposing us to be rescued, let her behave as she pleased, she never could escape the memory of having been alone with me in this horrible hull, nor avert the discovery of this circumstance by her relatives and friends. It was a consideration, indeed, to bring her very much closer to me than ever she had dreamt of; and to my mind it was as complete a turning of the tables as the most romantic fancy could have invented, that she who could scarcely address me on board the Indianman for pride and for dislike too, for all I could tell, should now be in the intimate and lonely association of shipwreck with me, clinging to me, entreating me not to leave her side, dependent upon such spirit and energy as I possessed for the food and drink that was to support us, and again and again talking to me with a freedom which she would have exhibited to no living creature in the Indianman, her aunt excepted.

When that second night came down black as thunder, raining hard, the ocean breathless, I entreated her to rest.

'You must sleep, Miss Temple,' said I; 'I will keep watch.'

She shook her head.

'Nay,' I continued; 'you will rest comfortably upon this locker. You need but a pillow. There is nothing in the cabins to be thought of for that purpose; but I believe I can contrive a soft bolster for you out of my coat.'

'You are very kind; but I shall not be able to sleep.'

I continued to entreat her, and now she was affected by my earnestness.

'Since it will please you if I lie down, Mr Dugdale, I will do so,' said she.

I whipped off my coat and rolled it up; and she removed her hat with a manner that made me see she abhorred even this trifling disturbance of her apparel, as though it signified a sort of settling down to the unspeakable life of the wreck. The fabric swayed so tenderly that the bottle containing the candle stood without risk of capsizing upon the table, and the small but steady flame shone clearly upon her. How delicate were her features by that light! how rich and beautiful the exceeding abundance of the dark coils of her hair, the richer and the more beautiful for the neglect in it, for the shadowing of her white brow by the disordered tresses, for the drooping of it about her ears with the sparkle of diamonds there! Presently she was resting.

I removed the candle to the stanchion, and secured the bottle where the light would be off her eyes, and sat me down near the doorway as far from her as the narrow breadth of the structure would permit, where I filled a pipe

and smoked, expelling the fumes into the air, and listening with a heavy heart to the faint sounds breaking from the interior of the hull, to the washing moan, at long intervals, of some passing heave of swell, and to the squeaking of the rats in the cabin below—a most dismal and shocking sound, I do protest, to hearken to amidst the hush and blackness of that ocean night, scarce vexed by more than the pattering of the rain.

From time to time Miss Temple would address me; then she fell silent, and by-and-by, looking towards her, I observed that she had fallen asleep.

SEEKING SUNKEN TREASURE.

THE greedy ocean—as Horace terms the boundless expanse of waters that joins the nations it divides—not only puts a period to the checkered career of many a skilful seaman, but also engulfs stately ships and the toil-won treasures which they perchance contain. It is, however, much more the friend of man than his enemy. The human race have not been slow to devise means whereby some portion of the spoil can be recovered from the fabled home of Neptune and the Nereids. Seeking for treasure at the bottom of old ocean partakes somewhat of the nature of a lottery, with few prizes and many blanks; but it has attracted the attention of adventurous spirits making haste to get rich under every sky. It is the correct thing nowadays to form such a venture into a Limited Liability company, as though it were a silver mine or any other terrestrial undertaking. The scapegrace son in *Ready Money Mortiboy* is represented by the authors as stimulating the rapacity of his father by a plausible description of a rich wreck that lay in about eight fathoms of water somewhere between Turk's Islands and the Bahamas in a snug spot known only to himself. One hundred thousand pounds sterling, in substantial ingots of gold and silver won from the bowels of the earth, awaited him who should be bold enough to attempt their rescue from the depths of the sea. All this treasure could be obtained, he informed his avaricious sire, at a total expenditure of one-twentieth of its value. This would certainly yield a higher percentage than antiquated consols or even a modern cotton 'corner.'

Jules Verne has delighted his numerous readers by his extravagant descriptions of submarine forests, pearls worth ten million francs and as large as a cocoa-nut, and gigantic oysters. Scientific expeditions have failed to meet with any of these marvellous ocean treasures, evolved from the inner consciousness of the famous writer of fiction in a motley garb of distorted facts. They have, however, acquired other deep-sea treasures, which, although valueless on 'Change, and probably classed with the veriest rubbish by matter-of-fact men of business, have proved important factors in determining a more accurate know-

ledge of marine zoology and botany. Then, again, there are those more humble toilers of the sea, divers for pearl and sponge, who perform their arduous tasks without extraneous aid. The length of time spent under water by these men, after leaving the upper air, is limited by their powers of endurance. Hence, neither extensive nor prolonged submarine operations could be effected in this way. We are concerned more immediately with greater gain.

Diving-bell, waterproof suit and helmet, and electric light, have done much to render work under water a success. When constructing the foundations of a bridge, or repairing a leaky place in the immersed portion of a ship's hull, it is often absolutely necessary that men shall remain beneath the surface of the water while the work is proceeding. It is true that a cofferdam might be built up; but this would be more costly and less speedy. The diving-bell—a large hollow iron vessel—supplies this pressing need indifferently. It has an opening at its base, as its name implies; it is provided with inside accommodation for the workers; and is sufficiently strong to withstand the pressure of the superincumbent mass of water. All being ready and every one in his place, the bell is gradually lowered by suitable apparatus beneath the surface of the water. The air which it contains is compressed, and the water rises a little inside; but all above remains dry and snug. Powerful force-pumps connected with the top of the bell keep up a supply of pure air and prevent the air-space from being further encroached upon by the water. Submarine work can be carried on by this means; but operations are necessarily confined to the area beneath the bell. The diving-bell has a certain claim to antiquity, if the accounts of Aristotle and Jerome be accepted. Friar Bacon is said to have constructed one about the year 1250; but the earliest reliable account of its use in Europe would appear to be that of the descent of two Greeks at Toledo in 1538 in the presence of the Emperor Charles V. They went under the water 'in a very large kettle, suspended by rope, mouth downward.' The astronomer Halley has the merit of inaugurating submarine work in this country; for he not only improved on the crude ideas of his day, but actually descended forty-five feet in a bell of his own arrangement at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Smeaton was the first to employ diving-bells for civil-engineering purposes; and he constructed Ramsgate Harbour by their aid in 1780.

The discovery of the properties of india-rubber had an important bearing on the success of ocean treasure-seeking. It is an instance of an improvement in one branch of industry leading to unforeseen development in another. By discarding the bell and adopting a waterproof suit and helmet, a diver is free to make his way into the holds of sunken ships which must otherwise have been inaccessible. We have often watched a diver performing his toilet. He gets

into a waterproof suit; his assistants place in position his massive metallic helmet, which, resting upon his shoulders, covers head and neck; leaden-soled shoes are placed upon his feet; and he is ready to descend. Helmet and suit are carefully connected, so that water cannot insinuate itself between them. The helmet has glass windows, to enable the diver to see, and its upper part is fitted with a flexible tube for supplying him with fresh atmospheric air from a force-pump. Excess and vitiated air escape by a suitable valve. A rope is attached to a diver's body, by which he is hauled up to the surface if necessary, and by which he can make preconcerted signals with his attendants above. Both rope and air-supply tube are allowed to run out, or the slack taken in, according to the movements of the operator below. Any fouling of the tube, or its severance, may mean sudden death for the diver.

Water exerts great pressure on a diver even at moderate depths. Every thirty feet of descent represents an additional weight of another atmosphere, or, speaking roughly, an extra pressure of about fifteen pounds on the square inch. Practice has unequivocally demonstrated that a submarine worker breathes without much effort, has control over all his organs, and preserves his presence of mind down to about one hundred and twenty feet; but below one hundred and fifty feet the external pressure produces uncontrollable physiological effects upon his internal organs, and life is endangered. A man becomes more accustomed to the difference between the normal atmospheric pressure and the increased pressure of the water by gradually increasing the depth of descent. His progress both from and to the surface must be accomplished slowly, in order that humming in the ears and pains in the head may be avoided. Electricity enables a diver to partly dispel the gloom of his uncanny workplace; but under the most favourable circumstances his sight in the denser medium is far from being microscopically perfect.

Many schemes for the recovery of ocean treasures were rife towards the close of the seventeenth century. One of the ill-fated vessels of the Spanish Armada had gone down in shallow water off the island of Mull in 1588, and her wreck was supposed to contain immense treasure. The Duke of Argyll and other adventurers had her examined by divers in 1673, but without success, owing to imperfections in their apparatus. An American shipwright named Phipps tried his 'prentice hand upon the wreck of a Spanish galleon in the West Indies; but the return was less than the expenditure. Nothing daunted, he obtained a loan from the Earl of Albemarle, son of General Monk, at a high rate of interest, and eventually rescued property worth about three hundred thousand pounds sterling. His share amounted to twenty thousand pounds! It is said that he was subsequently knighted, became sheriff of New England, and was the founder of one of our noble houses. All speculators are not so fortunate; for more than twelve thousand pounds was spent in trying to raise the *Royal George*.

J. and W. Braithwaite were exceptionally favoured by the fickle goddess in some of their submarine searches. They recovered nearly all

her valuable cargo and seventy-five thousand pounds in silver dollars from the sunken East Indianman *Earl of Abergavenny*, which was lost in 1805, and had been ten months under water sixty feet deep. A Spanish galleon was cast away near Worms Head when homeward bound with a freight of dollars shortly after the conquest of South America by the ruthless Dons. The nature of her cargo did not transpire at the time, and drifting sand gradually hid her shattered hull. In 1808 a heavy gale laid bare the buried and forgotten wreck. Many dollars were picked up by the dwellers along the sea-shore; but money-hunting was not of long duration, for the ocean reclaimed its own, and twenty-six years elapsed before this wreck saw the light again. Then another harvest of dollars was reaped, which bore the date 1631.

His Majesty's ship *Thetis* left Rio de Janeiro for England in 1830 with eight hundred thousand dollars on board. She was lost near Cape Frio on the day after sailing, either in consequence of an unusual current, or, as Professor Barlow said in his paper read before the Royal Society, owing to an insidious disturbing action of the iron parts of the ship on her compasses. Her treasure was deemed a total loss; but Captain Dickinson of the *Lightning* constructed a diving-bell out of two iron water-tanks and converted an old fire-engine into an air-pump. With these rude appliances seven hundred and twelve thousand dollars were recovered, one-third becoming the property of the salvors. A long spar or derrick of marvellous construction, extending one hundred and fifty-eight feet from the side of the cliff, was used to suspend the bell over the wreck.

A Mr Deane was probably the first to use a waterproof suit and metallic helmet for diving purposes. He descended, in 1832, to the wreck of His Majesty's ship *Boyne*, which had been at the harbour bottom for thirty-seven years, and brought up some bottles of wine, the corks of which were entire though softened. In the same year a diver named Bell adopted similar means to salve some treasure from the sunken transport *Guernsey Lily*, which foundered in Yarmouth Roads in forty-three feet of water when coming from Holland with the Duke of York's expedition in 1799. The *Hants Telegraph* of November 1833 is responsible for the following statement: His Majesty's ship *Colossus* was wrecked in St Mary's Roads, Scilly; and thirty-five years afterwards, when her guns were brought to the surface by a diver, an explosion took place upon one of them being struck with a hammer. Another curious circumstance is recorded in the prints of that time: an iron cannon-ball taken by a diver from the wreck of the *Mary Rose*, which had lain under water near Spithead for one hundred and fifty years, gradually became red-hot on exposure to the atmosphere, and finally crumbled into a powder resembling burnt clay! A Spanish frigate, the *San Pedro*, laden with a million and a half of money, blew up and sank in Camana Bay. The Boston Diving Company has recovered a few guns and many of her dollars from a depth of sixty feet. A fishing schooner discovered a chain cable on a coral reef in the China Sea. Closer scrutiny brought to light a sextant and a chronometer. Not far from them lay what appeared at first sight to be lumps of lead, but

which proved to be Sycee silver. About one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth was got up from the bed of the ocean. This lucky find was handed over to the proper authorities by the schooner's captain, who was awarded a fair amount for salvage. This treasure was supposed to have formed part of the East India Company's ship *Christina*, which had sailed for home two years previously, but had not reached her destination.

On February 19, 1867, the French steamships *Le Gange* and *L'Impératrice* collided near Marseilles. A chest containing gold fell into the thick mud at the bottom of the harbour. Two divers went down, and each holding the end of a rope, swept circles until the chest was located and the treasure was saved. Not long since, the Spanish steamship *Alfonso XII.* foundered in deep water near the Canary Islands. Part of her cargo consisted of ten boxes of gold, each containing ten thousand pounds. After some delay, divers were sent out with the latest appliances; and nine out of the ten boxes of specie were brought up. Every attempt to localise the tenth was utterly futile, so that a fortune seems irrecoverably lost. A Dutch barque, the *Maria Theresa*, sank fifty-five years ago in Goree Gatway, near Helvoetsluis, on the coast of Holland. Her hull has recently been found, and some boatloads of her cargo of tin have been brought up by divers. The schooner-yacht *Star of the Sea*, belonging to Sir A. H. Dendy of Torquay, was sunk on the Banjaard Bank, Zeeland coast, on July 5, 1870. After an immersion of nineteen years, an iron safe containing fifty pounds and a gold watch-chain has been recovered from this wreck, together with two small guns and twenty-two pigs of lead ballast. A diving company has just succeeded in gaining some relics of the French frigate *Danae*, of fifty-six guns, which was destroyed near Trieste, seventy-eight years since, by an explosion in her powder-magazine, when her crew of six hundred men were hurled headlong into eternity. This find will throw some light on the construction and armament of the war-ships of a century ago.

Some Danish speculators are reaping a harvest of golden grain from the depths of the sea which washes the coasts of Jutland. Some years previously, the British steamship *Helen*, laden with copper, had foundered. All her cargo has been recovered; and it is probable that her machinery will follow, as the accumulation of sand in which the hull was embedded has now disappeared. A Russian frigate, the *Alexander Nevsky*, which was lost in 1868, has yielded twenty thousand pounds of brass. The sand which covered her has been scoured away, and an attempt will be made to get out her engines. The British steamer *Westdale*, laden with two thousand tons of iron, went down off the Danish coast in December 1888. Nearly the whole cargo, her machinery, and great part of her fittings have been salvaged by these Jutland speculators.

Dredging operations now being carried out at Santander, Spain, have resulted in the discovery of the well-preserved wreck of a war-ship of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. She must have been in her present position for four hundred years, and was partly covered by a deposit of sand and mud. Divers have brought up guns which bear the

united arms of Castile and Aragon, the scroll of Isabella, or the crown and initial of Ferdinand. This ship would appear to have been employed as a transport, and, inasmuch as some of the arms are of French and Italian make, it is supposed that she formed part of the fortunate expedition against Naples under Gonzalo de Cordoba. She probably foundered while entering the port of Santander on her return from Italy laden with trophies and plunder. Among the coins recovered are some bearing the image and superscription of Charles VIII. of France, and others issued by various contemporary Italian States.

Numerous syndicates are either formed or forming for the prosecution of a search for ocean treasures. The ship *Madagascar* left Melbourne for England in 1853 with a large amount of bullion on board. Nothing definite has ever been heard of her since she was seen from Port Phillip Heads steering a course for home. Piracy and many other more or less improbable causes have been advanced to account for her disappearance. Some speculators, however, left Sydney for New Zealand last June in order to seek for this long-lost ship and treasure. A recently-discovered wreck is supposed to be the one in question. Another expedition is about to proceed to the west coast of Africa to attempt the recovery of the specie, gold-dust, and ivory from the wreck of the steamship *Gambia*, which struck on a sunken rock near Cape Palmas and went to the bottom about twelve years since. It is the belief of the promoters of this scheme that the steamer's safe containing the valuables is still intact. A diver is reported to have salvaged two thousand pounds' worth of ivory; but death had claimed him before he could reach the safe. Divers are exploring the bed of the ocean near Galley Head, on the south coast of Ireland, in search of the wreck of the steamship *Crescent City*, which sank in sixteen fathoms of water about 1869. Her treasure in specie amounted to fifty thousand pounds. Divers succeeded, with great difficulty, in securing sixteen thousand pounds of this amount; but they failed to reach the remainder of her hoard. A Mr O'Hara, of Liverpool, who surveyed the *Crescent City* shortly after she foundered, is said to have purchased the hull from the underwriters as it now lies under water. He is of opinion that the chance of salvage will be much greater now in consequence of the breaking-up of the vessel. An English ship sank with all hands and a valuable cargo about one hundred and fifty years since near Danzig. Even now the spot where she disappeared is known as the 'Englishman's Roads.' Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to find out her position; but quite recently some divers, searching for amber, fell in with the submerged hull of a vessel which is believed to be the much-sought-after merchantman, so that there may yet be some salvage.

The Aboukir Bay Treasure Recovery Company has been got together for the purpose of recovering treasure from the ship *L'Orient* and other war-vessels belonging to the French which sank at the battle of the Nile. Divers have salvaged many articles; but a vague claim has been made by the French Government, and Egypt has appointed an overseer on behalf of France. The Khedive has visited the scene of operations. Property worth twenty thousand pounds is said to

have been recovered; but the much-coveted gold has not yet been won. As no fewer than three steamers and experienced divers are engaged on the work, the expenses must be very heavy.

THE HOSPITALLERS.

CHAPTER III.

If the mornings within the Hospital walls passed quietly and smoothly, the evenings were far more redolent of brooding peacefulness. When the doors were closed upon the busy city, shutting out all the world except a merry shout of children at play in the meadows beyond, the pensioners in their best red coats sat under the monastery walls, or worked in their garden patches among their vegetables and flowers. Ben Choppin, smoking his evening pipe with his friend and ally the Corporal, watched a pair of figures promenading the path round the preaching-cross—Sylvia Goldsworthy and the painter, Harold Abelwhite, in earnest converse.

'It came upon me like a thunderclap,' said the sailor, as if resuming the broken thread of a story. 'Miss Sylvia, she had just finished the Battle o' the Nile, when our new gov'nor walks in with the picture-chap yonder. "You are our new patron?" says the Captain.—"I have the honour to be so," says Mr Debenham.—"Then," says the Captain, "allow me to inform you that my cottage is at your disposal; I can accept no favour from a Debenham."—I was that astonished you might ha' knocked me down with the butt-end of a musket.'

'I daresay,' Mr Dawson replied meditatively, 'I did hear, when the Captain first came here, as he had had words along with the young gentleman's father. I only hope as it won't make any difference at Christmas.'

Mr Choppin hastened to assure his friend that such a dread consummation was not likely to happen in consequence of the Captain's indiscretion. That the new patron and his chief pensioner had come to high words was common property in the Hospital, and had been warmly discussed amongst the inhabitants from a more or less personal point of view.

But Sylvia and her companion, walking in the gloaming beneath the shadow of the ancient preaching-cross, were likewise speaking of the scene that morning. The artist listened sympathetically to the girl, who spoke in a low voice, that trembled with emotion from time to time. Her features were pale, and on her cheeks were signs of recent tears.

'It is not for me to blame my father,' she said after a pause. 'I do not think he cared for the loss of his money; it was the treacherous action on the part of his friend that makes him so hard.—But it is not just; it is not like him to visit the sins of one upon another innocent head.'

'And such a handsome head!' replied the artist somewhat bitterly. 'I have not heard the whole story. Would you mind enlightening me?'

'It is simple enough. When my father gave up his profession, he had quite sufficient for his wants; indeed, he would to this day, had he not been persuaded by his friend Mr Debenham to speculate. There was a lot of money invested

in certain bonds; and when they were repudiated—whatever that may mean—all our money was lost. But my father found out afterwards that Mr Debenham had sold out the week before. If it was done deliberately, it was a cruel, heartless thing to do.

'But how could this Debenham benefit by your ruin?'

'I have no head for business,' said Sylvia wearily. 'But I understand if my father's share had been placed suddenly in the market it would have seriously jeopardised Mr Debenham's chance of disposing of his. Can you understand? To me it is simply hopeless confusion.'

Abelwhite listened to this explanation thoughtfully, though with the reputation of Debenham, father or son, he felt but little impetus to show a partisan spirit. Gradually there had grown up in his imagination a picture, painted coldly at first by the cynical sarcasm with which those bodily afflicted treat their own physical infirmities; but gradually the picture grew in glowing colours, and as yet the painter refused to own that the pigments mixed by the hand of love himself had turned to the blackness of despair.

'We have always been friends,' Sylvia continued after a pause. 'Mr Abelwhite, can't you find some way to help me now?'

'I would lay down my life to make you happy. Tell me, if this quarrel is explained away, will you be any happier then?'

'Surely. Why, then, if he should say to me—'

She stopped, and Abelwhite was grateful, for every word falling from her lips was torture to his proud and sensitive soul. There was a wild passion in his affection for the girl, an adoration such as poets tell us of; and as he looked into her serious eyes, his madness alternately cooled and burned, despair and love mingled in a breath. He paused a moment, intending to refuse, a negative that he could not have uttered if he would.

'There are some men,' said he, 'who are born to have no wish, no ambition ungratified. They have riches and health and beauty, everything that makes life happy, and yet, should they but covet the only jewel of a poor man's heart, it is theirs.'

'Fie!' said Sylvia archly. 'Surely you envy no one.'

'And no one envies me, which is considerate under the circumstances.—Now, what if I were to tell you that I—I, Harold Abelwhite, the cripple, can resolve this mystery, and show you that it is all a misunderstanding, and that for Captain Goldsworthy's misfortune his friend was not to blame?'

'Do you know that?' Sylvia cried, her cheeks aflame. 'If you only can do this, I shall be grateful all the days of my life.'

'And gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come,' Abelwhite quoted. 'I do not say I can; it is merely a hypothetical case I am putting.'

The light in Sylvia's eyes died out; a gentle sigh betrayed the deepness of her disappointment.

The painter, watching these signs of alternate hope and despair, felt his conscience tax him for this cruel levity. But the keen torture of his

own feeling was too poignant as yet to spare a little room for the noblest of all virtues, self-sacrifice. Seeing that his feelings were somewhat akin to her own, Sylvia touched him gently on the arm.

His pale face blazed with excitement as he started back. 'Don't!' he cried, almost roughly. 'Do you think I have no feelings? that because I am not like other men— But I frighten you—you, whom I would not injure for the world. Bear with me only a little longer.'

He was past all power of acting now; there was in his emotional nature no vein of stoicism, no worldly training such as enables us to disguise grief and sorrow under the mask of simulated gaiety. He seated himself upon the steps of the old preaching-cross, and hid his face in his hands. 'I have been happy here, far too happy. Do not chide me for my folly, Sylvia. I had hoped—fool that I am—to see some day, when I became rich and famous— But that is only the dream of a poor crippled painter.'

'Oh! surely not,' Sylvia cried, in deep distress. 'We shall live to see it yet.'

'One part, perhaps,' said the artist with a mournful smile; 'the other, never. There is something in this place that causes one to weave Arcadian dreams, an air that makes me feel on an equality with all men; and I was mad enough to think that you might, after many days— But I will not distress you. I think I can assist you, and I will.'

Sylvia murmured her thanks and held out her hand. He took it, and carried it to his lips with a gentle reverence, for all the fire and passion had burnt itself away, leaving nothing but the dead ashes behind.

'In two days I will come to you again. I am going to take a bold step, and one that may cost me much; but I shall not fail. It is strange that you should come to me; but sometimes the mouse in the fable is acted in real life. And now, I shall say good-night.'

'But you must come in, if only for a few minutes,' said Sylvia.

'Not to-night,' the artist persisted. 'I could not. Say good-night here, and let me go through the side-door. Do not lose heart, but wait and hope.'

With these parting words of advice, Abelwhite turned abruptly away, and disappeared into the gathering darkness of the street beyond. There was no gleam of recognition in his face for passer-by, as he walked slowly, painfully along; but by degrees his pace increased, till at length the cottage was reached, and the owner sat himself down in his studio to think.

There was not a soul in the house to disturb these painful meditations, yet every article of furniture or ornament conjured up some unhappy memory. There was the chair where Sylvia had sat for her portrait, the very book represented in the picture lying upon a side-table. Here it was that the dream of happiness had been commenced, and raised story by story, till every airy detail was complete. And even now it was not too late. The Captain would lie in his grave before he would give his child to the son of his dishonoured friend; Sylvia would never disregard her father's word, though it cost her all her happiness. Then Hugh Debenham would go

away, and forget; another and fresher beauty would charm his eye, and then— But *then* the thoughts grew darker and more troubled; for the painter knew that, juggle with his conscience as he would, it was in his power to solve the mystery and bring the lovers within each other's reach.

He had the power to do this thing; that was the worst of all. There stood the innocent-looking cabinet, the workmanship and restoration of which, by Abelwhite, Hugh Debenham had so much admired; and there, concealed within its artistic depths, lay confirmation strong as proof of holy writ. A little curiosity, a glance, and finally a somewhat closer search, had brought to light the fact that the Captain's anger was in vain, and that his erstwhile friend had done his best to save him from ruin.

'What a temptation!' he cried; 'what a hideous trial of this poor body! Yet there should be no hesitation. I am—so I tell myself—by education and instinct, if not by birth, a gentleman; still, I am deliberately contemplating the act of a scoundrel. If I do right, I shall lose every hope of her; if I do wrong, she will be no nearer to me than now. And yet—and yet!'

But the good angel of the man had so far triumphed with the morning, that Abelwhite resolved that there was only one honourable course before him. Not that the task was an easy one, embracing as it did certain painful disclosures, and an interview from which the sensitive nature of the artist recoiled, as some natures shrink from physical pain. It was easy enough to prove that Debenham's father had been entirely innocent of treachery towards his old friends; but this, simple as it seemed, could not be accomplished without certain disgraceful disclosures affecting the happiness of more than one of the parties most directly concerned. No man possessed of the ordinary feelings of humanity cares to bring home disgrace to his fellow-creatures, especially if they are of the gentler sex.

Abelwhite walked the entire distance from Castleford to Fotheryngsby Court, a somewhat toilsome journey for one so bodily afflicted, without arriving at any satisfactory solution of the difficulty before him. He had racked his brain in vain to devise some scheme whereby the truth should be exposed without violating the confidence which he had so unwittingly gleaned from the contents of the old cabinet. In the first place, he had no earthly right to read the papers; and having done so, under ordinary circumstances, it was his duty to preserve an inviolate silence upon the matter. But after all—and there lay the difficulty—it was not an ordinary occasion, but one deeply affecting the happiness of two people. He who sows the wind must expect to reap the whirlwind; but the repetition of this homely philosophy brought no grain of comfort to the troubled breast of Harold Abelwhite.

He passed under the frowning portcullis, across the blazing parterres of flowers glowing on the lawns, and walked up the steps to the great hall door. A supercilious footman, contemplating his misshapen figure with a glance of undisguised contempt, vouchsafed the information that Mrs

Debenham was at home, though whether she would condescend to receive visitors at so unusual an hour was quite another thing.

'I don't suppose she'll see you, and that's a fact, young man,' said the superlative footman affably. 'Any message you may leave!'

'I shall leave no message,' Abelwhite replied firmly. 'My business is important and urgent. Take in my card, and inform your mistress that I can wait to suit her convenience, but see her I must.'

The servant disappeared, leaving Abelwhite standing in the hall, and returned in a few moments with a visible change of manner, and the information that Mrs Debenham would spare him a few moments if he would kindly walk into the library.

The artist braced his nerves for the coming fray. He had no anticipation of an easy victory, knowing that his case would have to be fully proved, and that nothing short of the most convincing evidence would suffice. And as Mrs Debenham, calm, haughty, and condescending, swept into the room, Abelwhite gave one swift glance into her face, and realised for the first time the extreme delicacy of the task before him.

'You wished to see me?' asked the lady. 'What can I do for you?'

'I came,' said Abelwhite, clearing his throat, 'not on my own behalf. It is for my friend Captain Goldsworthy that I wish to speak.'

The listener, still haughty and listless, drew herself up with an air of proud surprise, though her lips trembled slightly, but not so slightly that Abelwhite saw and noticed the ominous change.

'Of course I will attend to anything you have to say, Mr Abelwhite,' replied the lady, a little more graciously. 'I am rather surprised to receive any communication from Captain Goldsworthy, that is all. You will pardon me if I ask if you are well acquainted with his affairs?'

The artist bent his head. 'So far as any man knows,' said he.

'Then of course you are aware that some years ago my husband and Captain Goldsworthy were great friends. They were in the habit of doing business together, until a certain unfortunate quarrel—a quarrel in which the Captain was pleased to accuse my husband of something like dishonesty.'

'Wholly false,' returned Abelwhite laconically. 'I know that.'

The glib graciousness of Mrs Debenham's manner vanished before this plain and somewhat strongly-marked observation. She was simply talking to gain time, and her visitor was perfectly alive to the fact.

'I thank you for having cleared the ground for me,' he continued. 'It was on that very point that I wished to consult you. Knowing, as we both do, certain details, I will not go into them, but simply point out that unless Captain Goldsworthy was warned by the late Mr Debenham of the financial condition of the company in which the former's money was invested, there *was* treachery. Now, what we wish to know is this, what became of the letter written by Mr Debenham to the Captain, warning him to sell out at once?'

'Indeed, I have no head for business,' said the mistress of Fotheryngsby, white to the lips. 'It would have been utterly unintelligible to me.'

'A view by no means shared by your husband,' returned Abelwhite dryly. A well-deserved compliment is never unwelcome. 'Please favour me with your attention for a moment while I read this letter.' So saying, the speaker drew from his pocket a few sheets of flimsy paper, book-copies of letters written with a stylus on the old carbon-paper principle. The rustling of the thin leaves and the unhappy listener's laboured breathing were the only sounds to break the oppressive silence.

'First a letter from your husband to Captain Goldsworthy, warning him to lose no time in disposing of his shares—a letter never received. The next is far more interesting, dated a month later—after the crash—and evidently written in reply to an indignant outburst from Captain Goldsworthy, denouncing the shameful treatment he had received. Shall I read it aloud?'

Mrs Debenham bowed. She could not have spoken for the mines of Golconda.

'MY DEAR GOLDSWORTHY—I am utterly amazed at your note. On my honour, I wrote you nearly a month ago, when I had no means of personal communication, imploring you to lose no time in disposing of your shares without regard to me. I deemed that letter so important that I specially charged my wife, who is an excellent business woman, to see you received it. For the sake of our old friendship, call upon me, for I am still too ill to see you at your house, and all shall be explained. That I did write you, warning you, my letter-book will show.—Yours sincerely,
H. CRICHTON DEBENHAM.

'There are three others, all bearing upon the same question. There is no necessity to read them?'

Abelwhite paused, looking keenly at his antagonist. Her face was very pale, but all the iron self-possession had not yet forsaken her. 'You need not,' she replied; and the artist felt grateful that she had inquired no further into his questionable possession of this evidence. 'I think we understand each other.—Name your price.'

'You are quite mistaken, madam; it is no mere question of money. I have no such purpose to serve—far from it. I hold out no promises, and make no threats. Go to Captain Goldsworthy and tell him the whole truth; then these proofs are yours. For his sake and that of his daughter, I have taken this painful course. The issue is entirely in your hands.'

'And if I do this, if I clear up this mystery, and make things pleasant for Captain Goldsworthy and his daughter—for that this has something to do with her I am convinced—what do I gain?'

'Really, I had not considered you in the matter at all,' Abelwhite replied candidly. 'You are quite right in assuming that Miss Goldsworthy's happiness is a powerful inducement, and in this view I should certainly be borne out by Mr Hugh Debenham.'

'Ah!' cried the unhappy woman, now genuinely moved, 'if he must know'—

'He will never know. Madam, there is some-

thing more powerful than human schemes and devices, and that is Fate. Your sin has found you out—the time for expiation has arrived. Do as I ask you, and I pledge you my word that your son shall never know.'

There was a long pause between them before Mrs Debenham found sufficient courage to reply. 'I will take you at your word,' she at length said. 'If you fail me, I shall not blame you. But there is something in your face that tells me I shall not be betrayed. Anything, so long as he remains in ignorance.'

'Your secret will be safe in Captain Goldsworthy's hands; not even by look will he reproach you; for'—and here the speaker lowered his voice reverently—'the loss of a little wealth matters nothing to one who has found the peace that passeth all understanding.'

IN THE ROYAL COUNTY OF HANTS.

'HAMPSHIRE,' says that right honest old Englishman, Izaak Walton, who knew it well, 'exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear streams and goodly store of trouts;' nor is it less famous for the store of good men and true who were either born in it, or there played brave, goodly, or tragic and famous parts. Its capital city, Winchester, of all our old cities, is perhaps the most often mentioned in the pages of history, and may well claim the proud title of 'Royal,' having been in British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman times the dwelling-place of kings and princes, and the seat of government, and still containing the ashes of many a warrior sovereign of either race. Known first as the British town of *Caer Gwent*, the Romans when they took it from the Belge gave it the name of *Venta Belgarum*; and thus by easy transition it became under the Saxons, *Wintanceaster*, the 'fortified city of Winta.' *Cerdic* made it the capital of his kingdom of the West Saxons, and so it continued to be until the reign of *Egbert*, when it became the capital city of England up to the time of *Stephen*. After being plundered and almost destroyed by the Danes, it seems to have been rebuilt by *Alfred*, its noble benefactor, who there died and was buried. So it held its ground until *William the Norman* built strong castles on its eastern and western sides, strengthened its walls and defences, and there reigned with power and splendour. It was through the streets of Winchester, on the 2d of August 1100, one *Purkiss*, a charcoal-burner, drew the body of the dead *King Rufus*; the blood oozing out through the boards of the cart, and staining the road up to the gates of the cathedral where he was buried, and where his tomb is still to be seen. The fatal arrow which killed him was shot in a glade of that very *New Forest* which his father had, with wanton and iron hand, laid out as a royal hunting-ground; the laws of which he had himself enforced with such relentless cruelty; where, also, his elder brother, *Richard*, had been gored to death by a stag; and his nephew perished by being dashed from an unruly horse against the branches of a tree.

But it was during the reign of *Henry I.* that

Winton reached its highest splendour, some idea of which may be formed from the fact that, on the death of Henry II., his son, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, found there in the royal treasury no less a sum than nine hundred thousand pounds' worth of gold and silver coin, besides a goodly store of pearls and precious stones. It was at Winchester Castle that Henry III. (of Winchester) was born, and there also his son Edward I.—a fact disputed by some historians, who claim Westminster as the royal birthplace, on hardly sufficient grounds—and at a later date Arthur, the hapless son of Henry VII.

Leaving, however, these and many other such historical details to the reader's own pleasant discovery, we may note in passing that it was in the church of Southwick Priory, Hants, that Henry VI. married his brave and redoubtable wife, Margaret of Anjou, the Red Rose of that long and terrible strife which ended so fatally for her on the bloody field of Tewkesbury. Few traces of the famous old abbey now remain in the grounds of Southwick Park, though in its day it was one of the most splendid and flourishing foundations in the south of England; while of the marriage itself no details are extant. But of a far more gloomy and ill-omened marriage ceremony, that of Mary Tudor with Philip of Spain, we get a clearer glimpse in the Lady Chapel of the cathedral. Philip had landed at Southampton on the 20th of July 1554; and on ascending the steps from the beach was met by a goodly number of noblemen and ladies, and received at their hands the insignia of the Order of the Garter, sent to him by the queen. Thence he rode on a 'right handsome' horse—also sent by her majesty—to return thanks for his safe voyage at Holy Rood Church.

It was wild, wet, and stormy weather when Philip, after two days' rest, set out with his retinue for Winchester in pouring rain, 'which they, however, did only suffer in common with the Earl of Pembroke and a splendid cavalcade of one hundred and fifty gentlemen and nobles in black velvet and gold chains, and a bodyguard of one hundred archers, mounted and wearing the Prince's livery of yellow cloth, striped with red velvet, with cordons of white and crimson silk. Besides whom there were four thousand spectators, all variously mounted, who wound up the procession.' They took their time over the short journey of a dozen miles, now easily accomplished by rail in twenty minutes, and it was not until near seven P.M. that they arrived at Winchester, 'after a hard day's travel,' and were there met by the queen, who had been staying at the palace at Guildford, so as to be in easy reach of the city. The Prince was grandly received by the bishop and nobles before evening service at the cathedral; and on the day following, the gloomy Spaniard had his first formal interview with his future wife at the bishop's palace. On the morrow, being the festival of St James, the patron saint of Spain, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp in the Lady Chapel, where may still be seen the chair sent with the pope's blessing from Rome in which Mary sat. A grand banquet followed the royal wedding; the scholars of St Mary's College of the Virgin recited their special epithalamiums; the whole city rejoiced in a renewed charter and a restitution of property to the cathedral; and

amidst the shouts of a vast crowd of people, the royal pair set out for their honeymoon at Basing House, the seat of the Marquis of Winchester, who had given her majesty away. The ill-omened union, however, thus begun in splendour, was fated to be one of discomfort and wretched gloom to the end of Mary's reign in 1558, her kinsman, Cardinal Pole, dying on the same November day.

Far brighter and of fairer omen, though in reality still sadder, was another royal marriage—of which Hampshire was then proud to boast—that of Charles II. to the fair young Princess Catharine of Braganza. Born on St Catharine's Day 1638, well dowered, and possessed of beauty, intelligence, and a loving heart, it was in her twenty-fourth year that she landed at Spithead in May 1662 to await the arrival of her royal lover. He was too busy with other affairs to hurry himself, and a week passed away before he at last reached Portsmouth on the 20th of May, and, like the young bride, was welcomed by the people both with bonfires and much ringing of bells. The marriage was celebrated in the chapel of the Hospital of St Nicholas by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and it may possibly interest some fair readers to know that Catharine's bridal robe was made 'after the English fashion, pink in colour, and trimmed with blue ribbons'—the wearer being short, prettily shaped, and handsome. Three months later, says Evelyn, the queen entered London this day, August 23d, 'with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingales, or guard-infantas, their complexions olivader, and sufficiently disagreeable; Her Majesty in the same habit; her foretop long, and turned aside very strangely. Yet was she of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, with languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth a little wronging her mouth; for the rest, lovely enough.'

Little on that bright summer day did the gay young queen dream of the twenty-and-three miserable years that then awaited her, each seeming more hopeless than its predecessor, during which she had to bear the open neglect of the husband whom she loved, the scorn of his mistresses, the plots of courtiers, and the laughter of the public. One final consolation awaited her, that when he was on his death-bed, Catharine, half distracted with grief, asked pardon of her husband if by any chance she had ever offended him, and was rewarded with his last words. 'Alas, poor woman!' was the graceless profligate's reply; 'she beg my pardon! I beg hers with all my heart.'

From such tragic misery as this it is pleasant, if but for a moment, to turn aside to the origin of such a common phrase as 'a merry-andrew;' and to find it in one Andrew Boorde, 'a right witty, wise, and facetious' physician to Henry VIII. at Winton. He was a strange and eccentric as well as learned man, who, among other odd habits, drank water three days in the week, wore constantly a hair-shirt, and every night had his shroud and burial shirt hung up 'at his bed's feet,' to remind him that death was ever at hand. But in spite of these eccentricities, he 'found, humoured, pleased, and often cured many patients' far and wide throughout the county. He frequented markets, fairs, and holiday-makings of every kind. He prescribed, made merry jokes

and long harangues, more like those of a jack-pudding than a doctor of physic. But wherever he went, he made many cures, if not by pills and potions, by hearty laughter, and so got the name of Merry Andrew. Rivals and imitators soon sprang up in all directions, glad enough to ape his title, though they had none of his learning and little enough of his ready wit.

It was to Winchester, in 1603, just after that city had been desolated by the Plague, that Walter Raleigh was brought down from the Tower of London, with seven others, to be arraigned for high treason. Throughout the trial he defended himself with a brave spirit, 'rather showing love of life than fear of death,' and with a noble eloquence, in replying to the insults of Coke, the 'king's Attorney,' and a splendid dignity which no insult could for a moment ruffle. All were condemned; Cobham, Grey, and Markham being actually led out to the scaffold—purposely within sight of Raleigh's prison window—pardoned, and sent back to the Tower, where Sir Walter had yet to write the *History of the World*, and after a weary bondage of twelve years, to die with as dauntless a heart as he had lived, his last words—to the executioner, pausing with uplifted axe—being, 'Why dost thou not strike?—Strike, man!'

Raleigh, however, was not a Hampshire man; and his trial in the old County Hall at Winchester was almost the last event of historic interest to be noted in connection with it; though Brooke, once Master of St Cross, was soon after there beheaded on the college green. And in 1685, Lady Alice Lisle suffered a like fate, at the hands of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, for harbouring one John Hicks, a dissenting preacher. There, also, in 1784 took place the last burning at the stake, the victim being a wretched woman convicted of the murder of her husband.

As for the royal city itself, gradually after it ceased to be the seat of government, Winton began to decline in extent, wealth, and importance. Even as early as 1450, decay had set in, nine hundred and ninety houses being found to be destitute of occupants, while no fewer than seventeen parish churches were closed. The reign of Henry VIII. and his seizure of the remains of the religious houses completed the ruin thus begun; and after suffering miserably during the civil wars, Winton, shorn of commercial, ecclesiastical, and military advantages, sank to its lowest pitch of degradation. No wonder, therefore, that in August 1670 we find Taylor the Water Poet writing thus: 'I took Winchester on my way homewards, and there saw an ancient city like a body without a soule; and for ought I perceived, there were almost as many parishes as people. I lodged that night at the signe of the Cocke; but mine host had dyed the night before I came; and I being weary, had more minde to goe to bed than to follow him for so long a journey to doe my message and deliver my commendations; but the whole city seemed as dead as mine host, and it may bee they were all at harvest worke; but I walked from one end of it to the other and saw not thirty people of all sorts; so that if a man should go to Winchester for a goose he might lose his labour, for a trader cannot live there by vending such commodities.'

But however desolate the city may have been in 1670, and however many the empty churches in the days of Good Queen Bess, it was to the goodly and loyal county of Hants that she turned when the great and terrible Armada was about to invade and plunder its coast, and asked for help towards defraying the expenses of the war. A curious list yet remains to tell us of the eighty-seven Hampshire men who promptly responded to the queen's requisition with the goodly sum of four thousand eight hundred pounds. Of these eighty-seven, six only were from Winchester, thirteen from the Isle of Wight, and seven from Southampton. No donor gave less than twenty-five pounds; and two 'generals,' Peake and Knaplake, contributed each one hundred pounds. This, at a time when the crews of many of the English ships were in danger of starving for want of food, and both Drake and Howard all but disabled for want of powder—and all the answer to their 'earnest entreaties' to Elizabeth for fresh supplies, when with difficulty extorted, was, 'With how little can ye make shift?'—must have been a most timely godsend. 'Stout hearts,' says Mr Hardy, 'might bear hunger, but could not conjure into being either shot or powder;' and it is sad enough to read the still extant words of one Thomas Fenner, in the State Records: 'The want of powder and shot and victuals did hinder much service which might otherwise have been performed to the utter subjection of the Spaniard,' and contrast them with the dashing spirit of stout old Francis Drake: 'God grant ye have a good eye on the Duke of Parma, for, with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not but ere long so to handell the matter with Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St Mary's Port among his orange trees. This last of July 1588.'

Scanty space remains for us barely to touch on a few of the names of the good men and true who, before and since those glowing days, have by good service to their country added to the fame of Royal Hants. The list is a long and a goodly one, in which will be found poets, statesmen, scholars, and divines, 'whose deeds have still a lustre that shall live.' Few readers now need to be told of William of Wykeham, to whose piety and munificence in 1379 are owing the rebuilding and endowment not only of the cathedral itself, but of the noble College of St Mary, Winton, and the no less princely New College at Oxford; though some may not know that he once bestowed twenty thousand marks in rebuilding the houses of the church, cleared all the Hampshire prisons of poor prisoners for debt under twenty pounds, and amended all the highways from Winchester to London. Not so well known, though notable in his own day, was William of Edynton, Lord High Chancellor, Bishop, and first prelate of the Order of the Garter; and still less known and less worthy, Henry de Blois, King Stephen's brother, whose ruined palace still stands at Waltham. Then we have Bishop Thomas Ken, Fellow of Winchester, the friend and pupil of Izaak Walton, who is said to have won his bishopric by refusing a lodging to poor Mistress Nell Gwynne; whilst the worthy Izaak himself lies buried in the south aisle of the cathedral which he loved to haunt when alive. To Hampshire we owe St Swithin, tutor of King Alfred, and bishop of his native city, 'a wise and good prelate, the governor of

the weather for forty days in each year;' to say nothing of the poets, George Wither, whose words,

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?

everybody quotes—though he is less known as governor of Farnham Castle and a major-general under Cromwell—and Edward Young, whose *Night Thoughts* nobody now reads. To which names may be added those of Kant, the church musician; Charles Dibdin, whose sea-songs still live; Dr Lowth, whose Hebrew lore is forgotten; Hare, the witty apothecary, of whom Fox once said, 'Wait till you hear Hare;' Bishop Huntingford, whose Greek odes are now dead and buried; and Archbishop Howley, who was not only Primate of all England, but lived to crown three successive sovereigns, the last being Her Gracious Majesty, whom he also christened and married; he being the last of his order who wore the periwig.

Our brief glance through Hants would be incomplete without mention of Gilbert White of Selborne, the famous naturalist, whose charming *History* keeps, and will keep, its place with Walton's *Angler*. Nor must we omit mention of the famous house of Baring, so long and so intimately connected with Hampshire and its gray old sleepy city—from its founder, John Baring of Bellair, in 1733, through a proud succession of bankers, statesmen, and peers, down to the present Earl of Northbrook, late Governor-general of India; men of sagacity, intellect, and knowledge of the world, and of unblemished name.

THE BISON'S VICTIM.

'LET us sleep here.' Thus my Karen shikari addresses me as we emerge from the jungle upon a stretch of hard dry sand which forms the beach of a shallow pool left by the last rains.

We were in pursuit of a bison which I had wounded early in the afternoon. For more than four hours Bah Oo, the Karen, had tracked him by the drops and splashes of blood which stained the leaves through which the animal had pressed his way; but now darkness was closing in upon us, and reluctant as I was to abandon the chase, the impossibility of seeing the blood-marks compelled us to give it up for the night. Indeed, we were fortunate to come thus opportunely upon a suitable camping-ground before nightfall. In these regions we know not the delicious twilight through which day melts into night in more northern climes; hardly has the sun gone to rest ere the moon assumes her sway with a haste that is almost weird.

'It is good,' I answer briefly; and Bah Oo throws down my blanket and busies himself with the preparations for making a fire. Up here, on the higher slopes of the Arracan Yomas, the December nights are cold, and my thoughts travel wistfully back to last night's camp, where my flannel clothing and rugs are lying in readiness for their owner's return. The present prospects are not cheering. Bah Oo has a joint of bamboo filled with cold boiled rice, and I have a pocketful of broken biscuits—these are all our supplies until we get back to the rest of the party; and as I intend to follow the bison until we come up with him or lose trace of his path, we must husband our resources carefully.

'To-morrow we shall find him,' says Bah Oo confidently, as he lights his queerly-shaped bamboo pipe with a burning stick. 'There is much blood. You shall kill him.' And he nods reassuringly at me across the fire.

The simple speech and the dark-skinned sturdy form of the speaker often rise to my memory now. 'You shall kill him.' Yes, I was to kill him, but not before he had killed the pluckiest man of the bravest race in Burma.

The night was very still; the fitful light of the fire danced upon the rising columns of smoke, and shone upon the overhanging foliage of the gigantic trees around us. The bark of a deer or the call of a night-bird served to emphasise our loneliness; and before we lay down to sleep we took care to pile enough wood upon the fire to keep it alive until well on into the night; for numerous tiger pugs upon the sand told us that our lodging was not too secure. We had been afoot since daybreak, and might have as hard a day's work to-morrow, for aught we knew; and for my part I slept under the starlit sky a sleep as unbroken as though I had been in my bed at home.

The tree-crickets are chirping the last bars of the song they have been singing all night, when I open my eyes in the morning. There is no sign of the dawn yet; but it will come before long, almost as suddenly as did the night. Bah Oo is still slumbering peacefully under his *putsoe* beside the black embers of the fire, regardless of the heavy dews, from which I and my rifle have been protected by an English blanket. I have had a wash in the dark-looking pool, and am drawing the sponge through my rifle-barrels, to dislodge any lurking particles of sand which may have found their way into them, when Bah Oo awakens. He does not stretch himself and yawn, as a civilised sleeper might; he rolls into an upright posture, twists his long hair into a knot, and folds the cotton *putsoe*, which is his single garment, round his waist. He has all his wits about him at once, and looks round for the bamboo receptacle which contains his food. 'In a betel-chew' [about fifteen minutes] 'it will be day,' he says.

'When we can see, we must go,' I remark, sitting down on a stone to eat a few mouthfuls of biscuit.

Bah Oo and I are old friends; but as we carry on our conversation in Burmese, a language almost as foreign to him as to myself, our observations are comparatively brief and few.

The birds are beginning to clear their throats for their morning hymn as the Karen, *dah* in hand, leads the way into the forest. The sun's rays are just catching the highest branches of the teak-trees; but a gloomy twilight still reigns below, and when we find the track of our quarry, we get on but slowly for the first half-hour. Every leaf and spray is heavily charged with dew, and soon I am wet to the skin; but we work our way steadily onward, encouraged by the blood-marks, which now lie thick and close together. We are travelling westward, and by-and-by find ourselves overlooking the distant Bay of Bengal, across an undulating prairie of varied green. The sun is up, and we get on more rapidly; the bison has taken a sandy path which runs along the top of a steep, almost perpen-

dicular bank. We do not require the aid of the blood-tracks now; the sand bears the huge creature's slots so clearly that the Karen breaks into the peculiar scuttling run he affects when engaged in pursuit of game. Presently he pauses and points to a bitten stem of elephant grass from which the juice is still flowing. He does not look round, and as I acknowledge the silently given hint by touching his shoulder, he starts off again.

For nearly an hour we traverse the path without turning to the right or left. It leads us through teak jungle and thick undergrowth, and my heart beats faster than usual as I look round and speculate on the risks we must run in attacking a wounded bison in such cover as this. Suddenly, Bah Oo crouches, comes to a dead stop, and spreads his hand out behind him. This signal means 'Look out;' and I obey it by wiping the glistening dewdrops from my rifle-sights, and sweeping away the curtain of cobwebs which hang from the broad brim of my hat. I look over the head of my guide, but can see nothing; he looks round, and having caught my eye, directs my attention with a slight nod to a huge tree with roots like the buttresses of a village church; then he takes one long step backwards, clutches my knee, and points a finger, trembling with excitement, to a clump of bushes ten paces in front. I drop on my knees and look: after half a minute's careful survey I see the stout foreleg, black in front and gray behind, which Bah Oo's trained eye detected in a moment. I touch the Karen on the shoulder, and rise to my feet, while he noiselessly vanishes behind the roots of the tree he had selected for cover. It is not an agreeable shot; ten paces is too close to be pleasant when the game is a wounded bison and the weapon a .500 Express. I must make a guess at the whereabouts of the animal's shoulder, for I dare not risk attracting his attention by moving through the bushes to obtain a better shot. I stoop down to note the position of the leg again, and then standing upright, plant both feet firmly and give him both barrels, one after the other. A terrific snort of rage and crashing of branches follow, as I make a spring for the tree whence Bah Oo is eagerly watching. I am not a moment too soon; the bison comes charging furiously through the hanging clouds of smoke, with his head down, and his tail standing stiffly out as he goes. He thunders past our hiding-place and stops a few yards beyond it, looking round him angrily. He is a magnificent brute, at least seventeen hands high, with an enormous head and ugly, wicked-looking horns. His glossy black hide gleams in the bars of sunlight which struggle through the foliage overhead. A nasty customer to deal with; but he has not discovered us yet, and therein lies my hope.

We are hidden from him by bushes, and I steal cautiously from the friendly shelter of the roots to get another shot. I can plant a bullet behind his ear from where I stand now, and have raised the rifle to cover the spot, when I hear a crackling sound on the other side of the tree. Bah Oo has left his place of safety and, on all-fours, a few yards away from it, is eagerly watching to see the effect of the next shot. I

scream to him to go back, but it is too late; the bison sees him, and turning as I fire, is on the helpless Karen in half-a-dozen strides. There is a sickening scuffle and a heavy fall; the smoke rises, and I see Bah Oo, who has been gored and tossed, lying motionless in a clump of jungle ten paces from the spot where I saw him before I fired. The crashing and rending of boughs below tell me that the bison has gone over the bank, and hastily reloading, I run to the edge to make sure that there is no danger of his return. Thirty yards down, I descry him lying belly upwards, dead. He must have fallen after tossing the tracker, and rolled down by the impetus of his furious rush.

I hasten back to the wounded man, to find him conscious, but so terribly torn and mangled about the chest and side that his death must be a question of a few hours at most. He lies quietly where I place him, and idly watches my movements as I tear up my shirt and his *putsoe* for bandages wherewith to try and stanch the flow of blood.

'I shall soon die,' he says wearily. And though I contradict him with all the cheerfulness I can assume, I feel that he knows himself to be right. The rude bandages have checked the loss of blood, and he may live for some time if he is not moved. Hour after hour he lies there, breathing heavily, but without uttering word or moan. I sit beside him, longing for the appearance of the other men, knowing that our prolonged absence will prompt them to break camp and come in search of us. But the scorching day wears slowly on, till the rays of the sinking sun fall across the wounded man's face, and we are still alone.

Bah Oo moves his head uneasily on the coat I have rolled up for a pillow, and looks out between the tree-trunks, over the shining sea, at the sun, whose crimson edge is just dipping in the waters. 'It is sunset,' he says, turning to me with a face of awful resignation.

'I will light a fire when it becomes dark,' I reply. 'The other men will see it, and come.'

I rise to collect sticks for the purpose; but the Karen's faint voice stops me. 'I must go now.'

A slight tremor passed over his features as I stooped down and called him by his name. But he did not answer; he had gone, with the sun.

WHITE BIRDS.

WHITE birds—or rather white and pied varieties—are, like black swans in the land, *rare aves*. Of birds whose normal plumage is white, or mostly white, the British list can boast but few; but almost every kind of bird produces from time to time a white or pied individual. Of course, the most striking examples of these 'sports' are to be found among birds whose normal colour is black. Thus, white or pied ravens, rooks, jackdaws, and blackbirds always rouse our special interest, not because 'albinoism' is more uncommon with them than with others, but because in these cases the contrast is especially striking. 'A rare bird in the land,' we might say, 'and very like a white crow.' The

old bi-weekly paper, *The News* of 1820, contains an account of the capture of 'that exceedingly rare bird, a white crow, in the rookery of' a certain gentleman. This unfortunate bird was having a very rough time of it at the hands, or rather at the beaks and claws, of his sable brethren, when he was rescued by his captor. This is not to be wondered at. Rooks, like all members of narrow and exclusive coteries, detest strangers, and could any stranger present a more suspicious appearance than this white-coated, white-legged, white-beaked, red-eyed albino brother?

A gamekeeper recently showed the writer a curiously spotted blackbird, which he had wounded slightly in the wing, and was keeping alive in a cage. This bird was speckled on breast, back, and head with white, and had in addition two or three white patches on its body. This same keeper, some years ago, saw four white young thrushes in one nest—a somewhat unusual sight. One of the loveliest white birds which the writer has ever set eyes on was a white ringed dotterel. It was not a pure albino, but an almost completely white variety of its kind. The beak, eyes, and legs were normal in colour; while on the back there was just the faintest shadow of a shade, invisible by candlelight, and the ring round the neck was as faintly indicated. The bird, when first seen, was feeding with a flock of its own species on the mud flats of the eastern coast, and formed a very conspicuous object. Too conspicuous, alas! as a gun of one of the writer's companions brought down the beautiful creature, which is now stuffed and in a glass case.

The capture or slaughter of a white female sparrow-hawk was recently recorded in one of the papers. One cannot help fancying that this bird's appearance must have greatly added to the terrors of death for its small victims, provided they were possessed of any imagination. Fancy the feelings of a sparrow or a greenfinch while being pursued by a great white ghostly-looking hawk! They must have been something like those that we experience in a bad nightmare.

A certain noble family numbers amongst its dependents a white bird—species unnamed—which takes upon itself the duties of family banshee; that is to say, it warns the members of the family of the approach of death or misfortune. One would think that this bird must be an owl, or the ghost of an owl, of some sort, as from time immemorial the owl has been regarded as the most uncanny of feathered bipeds; and a white owl must be the most uncanny of owls. Indeed, it gives many country-folk 'a turn' to see in the dusk, suddenly, the partially white barn-owl skimming silently over the meadows; while the 'Too-whit, too-whoo' of the tawny owl, and the shriek of the long-eared, are ghastly indeed to listen to as they break in on the silent watches of the night.

Of the smaller birds, the sparrow appears to have the strongest tendency to albinism, a white or partially white sparrow being by no means an uncommon sight. The writer remembers to have seen a very prettily pied Robin, where the tail was pure white, while the rest of the colouring was normal. The bird was, for a Robin, rather shy, and some stalking was needed to set

the question of species entirely at rest. This may have been owing to a morbid sense of his peculiarity on the part of the Robin, as shyness is not a common weakness of his family.

Is abnormal whiteness or piedness any serious drawback to birds? It certainly makes them more conspicuous under most circumstances; but it does not seem to stand in their way in pairing, at least so far as has been observed. The writer once came across a curious instance of this. A friend of his owns a number of peacocks, amongst which are some white and pied individuals. Now peacocks are usually supposed to be very careful, in choosing a mate, to pitch upon a brightly-coloured one—at least it is to this fact that the peacock's gorgeous colouring is traced under the law of 'sexual selection.' In this instance, however, the peacocks with one voice rejected the brightly-coloured males, and followed faithfully a very disreputable, drabble-tailed white one. Still, the case before mentioned of the white rook, and the bad treatment it experienced from its relations on account of its whiteness, seems to point in the other direction. But all that can be said is, that rooks are rooks, and their manners and customs—and doubtless, too, their canon of taste—differ widely from those of other birds. Moreover, albinism, although certainly morbid, does not seem to be correlated with any constitutional weakness. It probably is only skin-deep in a literal sense; and adopting the negro's question to the European, the white bird may say to its fellows: 'Am I not a bird and a brother?'

LOVE'S ROSES.

In a meadow gay and flowered,
On a balmy summer's day,
Walked a maid by nature dowered
With more charms than tongue can say.
As her arms with flowers she laded,
Gay and childish was her air,
And her charming face was shaded
By her curls of chestnut hair.

In that meadow, o'er the daisies,
Wander two, instead of one,
And a handsome stranger gazes
At the sweet maid he has won.
Thrice as happy is the maiden
As when with the flowers she played;
All her heart with love is laden
For the idol she has made.

Still that meadow; but the roses
From the maiden's cheeks have gone;
No more gathers she sweet posies,
But she wanders there alone.
'Neath her feet a daisy-token
Smiles, though crushed by feet of men;
But the sweet maid's heart is broken:
She can never love again.

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